

situation on what is regarded as the best commercial route from Shuster to Tihran, etc., is the capital of the Feili Lurs and the residence of the Governor of Luristan.

Picturesque at a distance beyond any Persian town that I have seen, with its citadel rising in the midst of a precipitous pass, its houses grouped round the base, its fine bridge, its wooded gardens, its greenery, and the rich valley to the south of the gorge in which it stands, it successfully rivals any Persian town in its squalor, dirt, evil odours, and ruinous condition. Two-thirds of what was "the once famous capital of the Atabegs" are now "ruinous heaps." The bazars are small, badly supplied, dark, and rude; and the roads are nothing but foul alleys, possibly once paved, but now full of ridges, holes, ruins, rubbish, lean and mangy dogs, beggarly-looking men, and broken channels of water, which, dribbling over the soil in the bazars and everywhere else in green and black slime, gives forth pestiferous odours in the hot sun.

The people slouch about slowly. They are evidently very poor, and the merchants have the melancholy apathetic look which tells that "trade is bad." The Feili Lurs, who lender the caravan route to Dizful incessantly insecure, paralyse the trade of what should and might be a prosperous "distributing point/" and the Persian Government, though it keeps a regiment of soldiers here, is unsuccessful in checking, far less in curing the chronic disorder which has

produced a nearly
complete stagnation in trade.

I am all the more disappointed with the
wretched
condition of Khuramabad because the
decayed state of
its walls is concealed by trees, and it is
entered by a
handsome bridge 18 feet wide and 900
long, with
twenty-eight pointed arches of solid masonry,
with a fine
caravanserai with a tiled entrance on its
left side. The